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THE
M I R R O R.

A POETICAL.

E S S A Y.

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THE
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ESSAY.
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A P O E T I C A L

E S S A Y.

In the Manner of SPENSER.

Ridiculum acri fortissime et optime secat res.

Anon.



Anno M.DCC.LV.

THE

MIRRORE

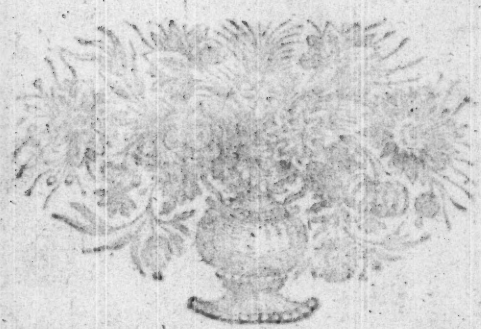
POETICAL

ESSAYS

In the Manner of SPENSER.

anon.

Printed and sold by J. DODD, at the Sign of the Crown, in St. Pauls Church-yard, near the North Gate, in the City of London.



ANNO M.DCC.LV.

T O

David Garrick, Esq;

TO whom, but Mr. GARRICK, the great Master
of the *Mirror*, should a Piece of this Deno-
mination present itself.

I am, Sir,

Your Most Obedient,

Humble Servant,

C. ARNOLD.

CHARACTERS.

The GENERAL.

ACTOR.

MAGISTRATE.

PHYSICIAN.

MISER.

FOX-HUNTER.

EPICURE.

PRUDE.

FINE LADY.

LAWYER.

BEAU.

DOTARD.

PARSON.

The GROUPE.

STATESMAN.

LAZAR.

(77)

THE Author begs Leave to premise, that in this Essay, he has retained some few of the obsolete Words of *Spenser*, and adopted the Simplicity of the Diction in the ludicrous Cast, at the End of most of the Stanzas, to give it more the Air of that great Original.—He thinks he need not make any Apology for the Stile and Measure of the Verse, they being generally, if not universally allowed, the most suitable for Works of this Kind.—In order to make it more intelligible, at the Foot of each Page, is given an Explanation of the obsolete Words, as they occur.—As to the

modern Terms of the Ladies Dress, &c. (which perhaps may be thought by some, to require as much Explanation as the obsolete Ones) he presumes as they are pretty well known among the Ladies and Beau Monde, he may be excused a Discussion.— Upon the whole, he hopes, that the novel Manner of thus treating these Subjects, will in some Measure atone for its many Imperfections.

THE

M I R R O R.

I.

† **D**AN *Solomon*, the chief of mortal || Wights,
 Affirms, that all Vexation is and Pain ;
 That Empire, Glory, Wealth, Love's soft Delights,
 Are but as Shadows flitting o'er the Plain :
 Vanity of Vanities ; all is vain.
 And, § certes, he is right ; without his Meed,
 How vain am I, t' attempt, in this poor Strain,
 To tell you all, that Death does Life succeed,
 ++ Perdie, you jeering say, this is great News indeed,

II.

Well, I must on—and you may laugh the while,
 Nay take your Fill, for there is Reason great ;
 You have not long to laugh, to droll, to smile,
 To tröll the Tongue, to vapour, gybe, and prate ;
 For soon you too must bow t' impartial Fate :
 Ha ! who is he that traverses yon Plains,
 In burnish'd Armour clad, and gorgeous State ?
 Scarcely his Hand his foaming Palfrey reins,
 Pawing the Ground in Scorn, and snorting, Fear disdains,

III.

† *Dan*, a Term often prefixed by old Writers. || *Wights*, Men. § *certes*, certainly.
 ++ *Perdie*, an old Affirmation.

III.

A Man of Arms, I † ween; his Coat of Mail,
 And all commanding Look denote the same;
 How wide he gapes! expands his Chest & inhale
 Large Draughts of airy Beings † high by Name,
 Of Glory, Honour, and romantic Fame:
 What means that direful Din, that glitt'ring § Glaive,
 Alas! he bleeds, he falls—no more the same—
 His lower'd Crest can now but ask a Grave;
 Alack! the Bubble's broke—'tis all poor Fame can have.

IV.

But here a goodlier Sight my Fancy greets,
 Of joyous noisy Wights—a* lofel Race!—
 Of apron'd Gentry crouding through the Streets;
 †† Ne Hat, ne Wig have they; with lengthen'd Face,
 They gape, they stare, and through the Muckson trace.
 The Oar-lash'd Thames indignant seems to bear
 Gilt Barges, Boats, with Music's droll Grimace;
 Gay Streamers waving through the foggy Air,
 While pigmy Cannon bawl, here cometh My Lord-Mayor.

V.

He comes! he comes! I hear the Rabble Peals:
 Huzza; Sir——in a Coach all Gold;
 See! how the Mob cling round, and clog its Wheels,
 Nosing the Magistrate, petulantly bold;
 At this, my Friends, can ye from Laughter hold
 Bluff, purfy Aldermen, in furred Gown,
 With Cits and Dames full §§ moe than can be told,
 In the Proceffion roll with half the Town,
 Eke Judges, Serjeants, Knights, all Wights of high Renown.

VI.

† Ween, think. † high, called. § Glaive, Sword. * lofel, idle, loose. †† ne, nor.
 §§ moe, more.

VI.

Well on they pass, and reach the † cumbrous House ;
 They feast, they dance, and all is splendid Glee ;
 They cram down Fevers, and, in full Carouse,
 They swill up Gouts and Rheums, and Hydropsy :
 In sooth, why not ?—the Toast is Liberty—
 And while they quaff, and || carol *London's* Fame,
 The recent Lord vaunts none so great as he ;
 But Death he lounged there in quest of Game,
 And dar'd, with saucy Front, dispute his Lordship's Claim.

VII.

He next attack'd an * auncient Knight well known,
 § Y'clep'd Sir *Thrifty Gripe*, of ** mochel Wealth ;
 With *Cent per Cent* he prey'd on half the Town ;
 A *Spittle* Governour, who heap'd up Pelf,
 A †† Caitiff vile, who e'en would rob himself.
 “ What, ho ! Sir *Thrift* ! a Word, Sir, in your Ear.”
 The Knight him spy'd—but, like a cunning Elf,
 Soon shuffl'd off.—“ Ho !” louder then, and near—
 “ Your Pardon, good Sir Death ! I'm wondrous hard to hear.”

VIII.

“ I'm sorry for't Sir Knight !—a Word or twain” —
 “ God shield me Sir ! I have not Time to talk ;
 “ Besides, my Breath's so short—hem—O the Pain !”
 “ Come then, Sir Knight ! we'll take a little Walk ;”
 At this he crouch'd as Bird before a Hawk.
 “ Walk, Sir ! I walk ! I scarce can crawl my Way”
 “ You, Muckworm prate ! dare you my Fancy baulk !”
 The Knight full loth to go, here 'gan the Fray,
 Death seiz'd him by the Nape, and carried him away.

IX.

At his Return Sir *Epicure* he ken'd,
 Of mighty Paunch, Moon-Face, and brawny Jole;
 For Elbow Room he chose the Table's End—
 His Napkin tuck'd—around his Eyes did roll;
 He spar'd ne in his Rage—ne Fish—ne Fowl—
 He puff'd, he blow'd, he swill'd—lethargic grew—
 No † Parle, quo' Death, with this same *Corm'rant* foul,
 So set on him his Apoplexy Crew,
 Who knock'd him down at once || withouten more ado.

X.

A beauteous Dame, with tott'ring Step, and slow,
 (Alack! the little Heels wont let her haste)
 Her Neck and Shoulders bare, and white as Snow,
 Came giggling on, (the Taste I trow) her Waist,
 If so § mote be, with spangled Tassels grac'd;
 Her Sattin Negligée was flounc'd and crimpt,
 With many a Yard of Blond her Gauze was lac'd,
 Her Apron, Stomacher, and all was pink'd,
 And the twin Ruffles round were * sheen with silver Gimp.

XI.

'T'o pleat, to twist, to sleek the auburn Hair,
 Much Time and Pains, methinks, she had bestow'd;
 Ne pond'rous Hat this Lady deign'd to bear,
 Altho' full pleas'd with purchas'd Locks she †† yode,
 §§ A Feltlock Twist behind, much heavier Load:
 She leer'd with Scorn, and turn'd her Eyes askew,
 On Petittaires, Pompons; then inward glow'd
 With Pride indignant at the fripp'ry Crew;
 While all around, in Groupes, the Beaux obsequious drew.

XII.

XII.

She whisper'd, glanc'd, protested, titter'd, vowed ;
 She gam'd, she ogl'd—lisp'd—" the Creature! Thing!
 " + Very!"—emphatic Word!—then, laugh'd aloud—
 And buoyant borne on Vanity's broad Wing,
 Presumed herself fit Match for any King:
 Quo' Death, " if so—why then——moe fit for me——
 " For I am such—no less—of Terror's King!
 " So Wights me call."—With that he seiz'd his Prey,
 And with fell livid Spots he scarr'd her beauteous Clay.

XIII.

Among the Crowd that rounded this fair Dame,
 A Wight there was, if Wight he mote be call'd,
 Of Aspect pale, small Shank, and || lithe his Frame;
 At Beauty's Frown his Heart was ne'er § appall'd;
 His own dear self this mimick Wight enthrall'd.
 A short cut Coat adorn'd this pretty Thing,
 A friz'd Peruke conceal'd what else was bald;
 His Hand so white display'd the Cluster Ring,
 Which ever and anon t' is Nose did *Straßbourg* bring.

XIV.

This perfum'd Beau a tiny Bever wore,
 With silver Cord engirt—on either Side,
 Hung dangling Tassels down of tinsel ore;
 A Sword he trail'd which with the *Spaniard* vy'd,
 In length, I mean, for he had ne'er it try'd:
 He hum'd, he loll'd, minc'd Oaths, solfa'd and danc'd;
 To shew his whiten'd Teeth he laughed wide;
 He tattl'd, prattl'd, the Discourse enhanc'd,
 Squeez'd Misses lovely Hand, and vow'd he was entranc'd.

XV.

XV.

Death envious lour'd : Quo' he, " This prating Fool
 " Will ne'er give o'er—his Tattle never cease ;
 " I e'en will stop his Mouth—a fribbling Tool !
 " Who does such † Noyance give to others Peace——"
 A Kerchief white then from his Neck did ‖ leave,
 Which gave the Beau a Cold—when, sans réponse——
 He shrug'd—his Throat grew sore—could hardly wheeze—
 " I'll end" quo Death, " this self-sufficient Dunce——"
 So ram'd a Quinzy down, which throttl'd him at once.

XVI.

With stiffen'd Gate and supercilious Look,
 A rev'rend Clerk here deign'd awhile to stray ;
 At wanton Dames his Head he often shook,
 And fain would turn his Eyes another Way :
 But Priests they are but Men, perhaps you'll say :
 I'll grant you more ; that many Clerks abound
 With solid Worth ; but this same Clerk would pray,
 And be not what he seem'd ; but all around
 Would spread Invectives broad wherever they were found.

XVII.

With ready Hand would greet the wealthy Cit,
 And bow obsequious to the money'd Dame ;
 But strange would eye the Poor—at Man of Wit,
 Perdie, would look askint ; and lordly aim
 At Board Preheminence where'r he came ;
 An Haunch of Venison he would never miss,
 For ghostly Wights meet Food he held the same ;
 But more than Tythe of Fat, he'd take, I § wis ;
 Here double Dues at least he deem'd the Parson's Claim.

XVIII.

XVIII.

At Pray'r indeed this Clerk was grave, profound,
 And when in Rostrum he was aptly rear'd,
 Looking Benevolence on all around,
 With upturn'd Eyes a pious Wight appear'd,
 And Doctrines preach'd he ne believ'd, ne fear'd;
 But crouch'd beneath this seeming Sanctity,
 And pious Guife, Death found him out, and leer'd——
 “ O ho!” quo’ he “——a Cheat! a Cheat!——I spy
 “ Pride lurking here and Sloth.”—so off with him did he.

XIX.

Above the rest Sir *Politic* the wise,
 In plain Attire † y’ clad, reclin’d at Ease,
 There putting on the Courtier’s sleek Disguise,
 He large harangu’d of Trade, of War, of Peace;
 Was all to all—his Study how to please;
 Each hung attentive on whate’er he spoke,
 And bow’d observant when his Tongue did cease;
 Each Deference paid where’er he deign’d a Look,
 And loud Acclaims ensu’d whene’er he dropt a Joke.

XX.

Yet this same Wight, with circumspective Eye,
 Would note the Cits, their ev’ry Action scan,
 And as he trac’d, he plainly could descry,
 In most, that Interest was their darling Plan,
 So dealt his Promise, as he found his Man:
 Oft at his Levee he would greet his Grace,
 “ My Lord! your sensible——I’ll do all I can——”
 Would meet the Prelate with a smiling Face,
 But when his Back was turn’d, would laugh at the Grimace.

XXI.

XXI.

The Height of Power gain'd, with Affluence blest,
 He plan'd new Gardens, and new Villas rais'd;
 Said to his Soul, securely thou may'st rest;
 At this presumptuous Wight Death sometime gaz'd;
 Quo' he—" I'll strike"—but when his Dart uprais'd,
 The Knight espy'd—" O spare a little, pray——"
 But Death malign his vital Pow'rs amaz'd—
 Mutt'ring, " Fond Fool! sure, thou hast nought to say;
 " For e'en a PELHAM fell my Victim t' other Day."

XXII.

Exulting thus he cast his Eyes around,
 And spy'd a Wight, smart, debonnaire and gay;
 (Ah! when again shall such a Wight be found?)
 Nature had form'd him of her richest Clay;
 (Alack! now mark'd to be his destin'd Prey:)
 His Look expressive, piercing were his † Eyne,
 His Voice as sweet as *Philomela's* Lay;
Athens nor *Rome* could ever boast, I ween,
 One who the Buskin wore, or Sock with Fame so ‖ sheen.

XXIII.

This more than *Roscius* of the present Age,
 Nature his Guide, great *Shakespeare* his Delight,
 Struck out new Beauties, rais'd the drooping Stage,
 His ev'ry Attitude surpriz'd the Sight,
 Nay, e'en the Eyes could speak of this same Wight;
 In *Richard's* varied Scenes he all outvied;
Hamlet he felt, reach'd *Lear's* frantic Height;
 In *Bayes* and *Archer* was the comic Pride,
 And with a *Romeo's* Woe alternate liv'd and dy'd.

XXIV

† Eyne, Eyes. ‖ sheen, bright.

XXIV.

Death long had bore this Wight a Grudge—t' excell
 In mimic dying he in Dudgeon took ;
 Quo' he, " This *Proteus* counterfeits so well,
 " That Men will scoff at me"—he glanc'd a Look,
 Which ev'ry Vital of our Hero shook ;
 Him he superiour own'd, all'dg'd his Age ;
 But Death, relentless, would no Parley brook :
 " Dar'st ape me, Varlet !" he reply'd in Rage,
 " I'll realize thy Mocks ;" so swept him off the Stage.

XXV.

A Son of *Æsculapius*, 'mong the + Fry,
 In Pulse well skill'd, in Learning most profound,
 With sable Suit, full trim'd, and bushy Tye,
 Quaint, stiff, and gravely dealt his Bows around ;
 When all at once was heard an hideous Sound,
 Thro' the whole Place the Bustle was so rife,
 That the high vaulted Roofs re-eccho'd round ;
 In veh'ment Heat, perdie, was good Sir Death,
 e tug'd—the Doctor rail'd, till both were out of Breath.

XXVI.

" Usurper of my Trade !" Death stern reply'd,
 And look'd so grim, the Doctor 'gan to fear ;
 In Tone submiss, " Requite me thus ?" he cry'd,
 " Who've serv'd you long—" but he, with scornful Sneer,
 " Do you remonstrate Sir ? I'll quell your Pride ;
 Then grasp'd again—" Keep off your Scarecrow Paws,
 " Thou foul Ingrate ! thus use a Friend oft try'd !"
 Death waxed wroth, and spite of Friendship's Laws,
 Roar of foul Ingrate, he rivetted his Jaws.

C

XXVII.

XXVII.

A roaring Blade among the Throng was seen,
 In Jockey Cap and Scratch Peruke + adorn,
 || Benempt, *Robustus*, of a goodly Mien;
 A smart Half-Hunter-tipt with Foot of Pawn,
 He often smack'd; as scouring o'er the Lawn;
 A *Buck*, *Choice Spirit*, who would oft at Dawn,
 In half Pint Bumpers, hail the rising Morn;
 An *honest Fellow*, who would make no Scorn,
 To dubb his dearest Friend a Brother of the Horn.

XXVIII.

A *Blood*, who bully'd 'mong the Nymphs *Pourlieus*,
 And often beat the *Covent-Garden Rounds*;
 At *P——'s*, *H——'s* *G——'s* and *D——'s* Stews,
 He swore, talk'd Bawdy, prais'd his Horses, Hounds;
 That this is Wit and Taste—attest it Clowns!
 Not so the *Bloods* of boon King *Charles's Days*;
 They rak'd polite, Good-Manners were their Bounds;
 Wit, Humour, Elegance the Flame did raise,
 And Decency kept in the oft expiring Blaze.

XXIX.

But these in Gallantry—Noviciates all!
 Raw and uncouth, like the vain drest-up Rout;
 Those would seem Gentlemen! who strut the *Mall*,
 In Waistcoats lac'd on *Sundays*—troll about,
 Leaving their Minds undrest—all Show without—
 Who sneak before their Betters—vail their Pride,
 And aukward bow like any Country Lout,
 In white Gloves & pranckt, strutting his Fingers wide;
 You'd swear he had the Itch, if nothing else beside.

XXX.

Death spy'd *Robustus* 'mid this full Resort,
 And couldn't but smile to hear him boast aloud,
 How much he'd drank, how oft in *Venus*' Court,
 His nervous Strength and Vigor he'd avow'd;
 Surveying then his Limbs, thus sneer'd the Croud,
 "When, when? with these will any of you vie?"
 Quo' Death—"Ingrateful Wretch! vile Reptile proud!
 "Not thank the *Donor*! I'll thy Prowess try—
 "Fever! dispatch him quick—O ho! there Boaster lie."

XXXI.

Prudella! luckless Maid, was there that Day,
 Who piqu'd herself upon her Virgin Pride,
 And spurn'd the Men—she seem'd so sprightly, gay,
 You'd swear Ill-Nature could not there reside;
 Vain Affectation all! and mere Outside!
 To Modesty she made severe Pretence;
 Under that Mask her Wantonness would hide;
 Too thin Disguise! for oft the grosser Sense
 Would reassume the Reins, drive o'er the weaker Fence.

XXXII.

Matins and Vespers she would never miss,
 A Devotee all o'er! a *Christian* good,
 Who lov'd her Church; but tenfold more, I t' wis,
 She lov'd foul Scandal and Invektive || leud——
 Her Tongue more deadly than the Viper Brood:
 Insipid Chat and Stories, wrong or right,
 Of this, or t' other being stol'n, or woo'd,
 Fill'd up her Time——but O! the high Delight,
 She felt from black Malevolence and Spight.

XXXIII.

XXXIII.

Looking demure, Death took her for a Saint,
 But on a nearer View, he knew her well;
 "Oho!" cry'd he "fair Sepulchre of Paint!
 "Come † lig with me Too-Night— my pretty Belle!
 "Nay do not start, my dear! I'll use you well—"
 She turned from him with disdainful Leer,
 "None of your Airs to me, my sweet Prudelle!
 "On Mortals they may pass—pray stay you here,
 "And if thou'st aught to offer, I will deign to hear."

XXXIV.

"Why good, Sir Death! Why sure you'd not be rude,
 "And offer Violence to an helpless Maid?
 "What is there in me that you take for leud?
 "Have I not kept my Church §? Devoutly pray'd?"
 Death stop'd her short—" 'tis nought—mere vain Parade?—
 "Thy venom'd Tongue fell Instrument of Spite!
 "Hath caus'd such ‖ Bale, such Desolation made
 "That were I but to leave thee here this Night,
 "Thou'd'st set the Globe on Fire, then chuckle at the Sight,"

XXXV.

A certain Wight you well mote there espy,
 With busy Face fast bustling thro' the Croud,
 It chanc'd, he jostl'd Death in passing by
 Who sudden turn'd, and menac'd him aloud,
 But when he ken'd him, caught his Hand and bow'd,
 "O! my old Friend!" he cry'd, "my Foster Brother!
 "To meet thee here, how pleas'd am I and prou'd!
 "Thou precious § Imp! thou art so like our †† Mother,
 "How cou'd I then mistake, or take thee for another."

XXXV

† Lig, lie. § A trite Phrase, especially among Female Devotionists. ‖ Bale, Sorrow.
 * Imp, Offspring; Child, from the Saxon Word *Impan*, to graft. †† Mother, hinted from

XXXVI.

" Misshapen Fiend ! avant ! away thy paw,
 " Thou Kindred claim ! thou Friendship boast with me !
 " One learn'd as I and studious of the Law,
 " Disowns all Ties without the previous Fee ;
 " I nought can hope from meagre Forms like thee—
 " This anger'd Death," quo' he, " I'll make thee know,
 " That this cold Hand can spoil thy haughty Glee,"
 With that he struck a paralytic Blow,
 " Hence better learn good Sir ! to know a Friend from Foe : "

XXXVII.

" O ! hold, Sir Death ! your Pardon, Sir, I crave,
 " May it please your Lairdship to admit my Plea ;
 " Cease, cease, thy Prate, vain Rhetorician slave,
 " Thy Eloquence at Bar may do, perdie,
 " But will not here—thy Quirks are lost on me ;
 " Indeed, my Laird ! I did but jest, but joke ;
 " Dar'ft thou still lie ? incorrible be ?
 " Here parry if thou can'ft this lairdly Stroke,
 " O ! my dear Sir, don't wince—I meant it but in Joke."

XXXVIII.

Then looking round him with sarcastic Grin,
 He spy'd an auncient Knight 'bedizen'd fine,
 Hot in pursuit of the enchanting Sin ;
 For each young Nymph this feeble Wight did pine,
 Ah ! how unmeet for hoary ninety-nine ;
 Close cuddling by a blooming Virgin's Side,
 Oft round her Waist his shrivell'd arms he'd twine,
 Her snowy Chest full liquorishly he ey'd,
 And could, or dream'd he could, do wond'rous Things besides.

XXXIX.

XXXIX.

“ Beshrew thy Heart! thou fumbling Fool!” quo’ Death,
 “ Those unstrung Nerves might warn thee to forbear;
 “ How durst thou with that foul infectious Breath,
 “ Deal Love’s soft Passion in a Virgin’s Ear?”
 But he intent, these Threat’nings did not hear;
 When lo! with sudden Twist he jerk’d him round,
 And down he dropt, as wou’d a mellow Pear,
 Strait with his Paw, he pash’d him to the Ground,
 As one wou’d pash a Grub, which doth with Filth abound.

XL.

Death paus’d——“ I’ll e’en one Cast, before I go,
 “ Among the smaller Fry, they’re full of Glee,
 “ See! how they carol, frisk it, too and fro,
 “ In wanton Dalliance, and ne’er think of me,”
 A Net he had of wond’rous *Potency*;
Old Time had spun the Thread so very fine,
 It was invisible to mortal Eye,
 The fatal *Sisters* wove so strong the Twine,
 That none cou’d ever break, or once o’erleap the Line:

XLI.

With Force elastic strait the Net he threw
 From off his Arm—he laugh’d amain—when lo!
 A Draught miraculous, of divers Hue;
 A wond’rous Groupe of Fribbles *tout nouveau*,
 Of *Jemmys alamode*, half Fool, half Beau;
 Of Fiddlers, Dancers, Players, World of Trash!
 Of Flirts, Gits, Singers a F——i to L——w,
 Of Hummers, Punsters, who each other lash,
 A’l headed by that doughty Wight, bold Captain *Flash*.

XLII.

Of Poetafters, Witlings, *Robinhoodians* Sage,
 Of Jockeys, Clerks, Prigs, Smarts and Connoiffeurs,
 Of Scribblers, Orators, who gull the Age,
 Of showy Milleners, Barbiers, Tayleurs,
French Valets, Gamblers, Perruquiers, Friffeurs,
 Of Courtezans, Pimps, Bawds, industrious Crew !
Hibernians tall, de là Fortune Chaffeurs——
 Quo' Death,—“ enough—the Cords he instant drew,
 “ *Vandykes* and *Cardinals* squeak'd, Adieu! *mes Cheres*, adieu.

XLIII.

“ Onward he march'd——” but as he left the Hall,
 A crippl'd *Lazar* at the Gate was lain ;
 “ O! turn your Worship's Eye, he loud did bawl,
 “ Ah! take me with you, Sir! my Life's a Pain—
 “ O! good your Worship! ease me off the Chain—
 On him Death look'd askint—“ Vile Lump of Clay!
 “ Dost think I've nought to do?—aye—bawl again,
 “ I'll call for you anon—some other Day——
 He turn'd upon his Heel and so went on his Way.

XLIV.

A Bard sat pensive at the Sight difmay'd,
 These sad Events revolving in his Mind,
 He sigh'd at the Havoc Death had made ;
 “ Is this alas! the Lot of human Kind ?”
 A Voice reply'd, “ *Be humble,—be resign'd—*
 “ Cease Mortal to complain, nor anxious grieve——
 “ The will of righteous Heav'n from first design'd,
 “ That nought but *Virtue* shou'd alone survive,
 “ That e'en shall conquer *Death*, that shall for ever live.

XIII

Of Tactless, Willing, Wily, & Weak;
Of Jockey, Clerk, Trick, Swindler, & Cheat;
Of Sland'ring, Gossip, & the like Age;
Of Bony Milliner, Fashion, & Taste;
Of Vain, Gaudy, & Perverse, & the like;
Of Courtesan, Whore, & the like;
Of Fortune-teller, & the like;
Of Death, — enough — the Guide in instant view,
Of Hell, & the like, & the like, & the like.

XIV

“ Ours is the march — ” but as he left the hall,
A sudden knock, at the Gate was heard;
“ O! turn your Wretched Eye, he loud did bark,
“ All! take me with you, Sir, my Lady's a pain —
“ O! good your Worship! ease me of the Chain —
On his Death look! — ” “ Vill! I will be true;
“ But think I've nothing to do? — ” “ I will again,
“ I'll call for you, now — some other Day —
He roared, upon his feet and to went on his Way.

XV

A hard his heart, at the sight dimm'd;
He had a moment's time in his mind,
He sigh'd at the Haze of Death had made;
“ Is this all! the Lot of human Kind?
A Voice reply'd, “ Be calm, — be calm, —
“ Caste Moral to complain, nor anxious to be;
“ The will of righteous Heav'n in firm design'd,
“ That thought but None should those survive,
“ That even Hell conquer Death, that Hell for ever live.